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THE INVITATION—#59

Long John Holmes had acquired the ownership of a small apartment house and being a swinger himself, he didn't mind the wild, all night parties which most of his tenants gave. He also didn't interfere where he wasn't invited . . . although there were those times when the sex orgies became so apparent, he wished he were right up there with them. However most of the tenants, being what they are, didn't know the facts of life about their manager/owner.

But there came that night when the obvious sounds, cries of sexual delight, became so over-powering, and his phone rang so many times from irate neighbors, he had to do something. After all he didn't want his swinging pad raided by the police.

He dutifully climbed to the second floor and knocked on the door where he was greeted by a scantily clad girl, as lovely a brunette as he'd ever laid eyes on, and for damn sure she had the body to match . . . her sheer negligee left nothing to be discovered by the naked eye . . . discovered by a naked cock, that was something different.

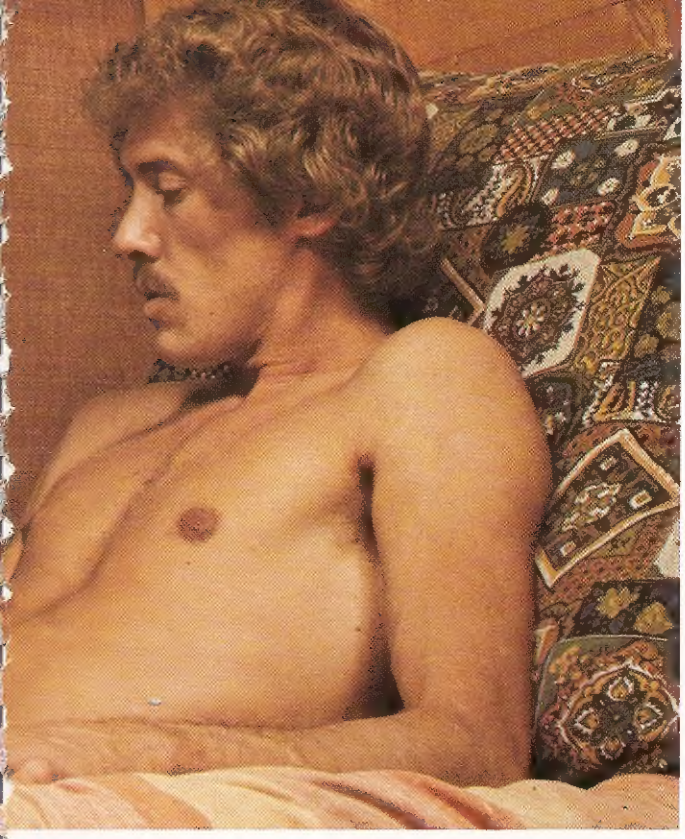
Before he could utter the slightest sound in issuing his demands for keeping the uproar down, Debbie the brunette, had encircled his arm with hers and invited him to join in. What could he do? Here was a piece ready, willing and able for his manly thrusts. But he did get out the order for more quiet, then informed Debbie that he'd be most interested in joining her for an affair . . . but he wanted her all to himself . . . there would be

no triangles or orgies that night . . . one on one, and that's the way it would be.

The girl eyed the other studs, going at fellatio, cunningulus, lesbian love, boy to boy, then she reached down and unzipped his pants. Long John's elongated pecker flashed before her eyes. She jumped back as quickly and as shocked as if a hot iron poker had been thrust at her.

However, when she recovered from the shock she didn't have to look around the room any longer. That prick was all she wanted . . . none other would do. It seemed to fill the room. She led Long John quickly to a lone bedroom, undressing him as they moved. He was naked before the door slammed shut; hardly time enough for Debbie to flop on the bed and spread her legs.

She wanted his dick probing, forcing its way into that moist region just beyond her clit. The first thrust pulled her a full six inches off the bed . . . she would land back on the springs and bounce directly up



to meet his next thrust. And while he was still pumping away she pulled her body around so that she lay on her stomach, then arched up her back, leaning heavily on her elbows and knees . . . he was coming in from the rear . . . he could dig the whole cock into her cunt to the fullest measure . . . that's what she wanted; that's what she needed; that's what she got and his hot cum spilled into her, filling her vagina, then rivered through her pubic hairs and down the inside of both her naked legs . . . The heat of the hot rivering cum pushed her mind up the walls . . .

But it wasn't enough. Long John had more than satisfied her golden love-nest, but she thirsted for the taste of the hot, white sperm which she had only felt before. She had to have his massive tool stuck between her lips; sunk deep down her throat.

Tears welled in her eyes, tears of pure joy at the thought of such an experience.

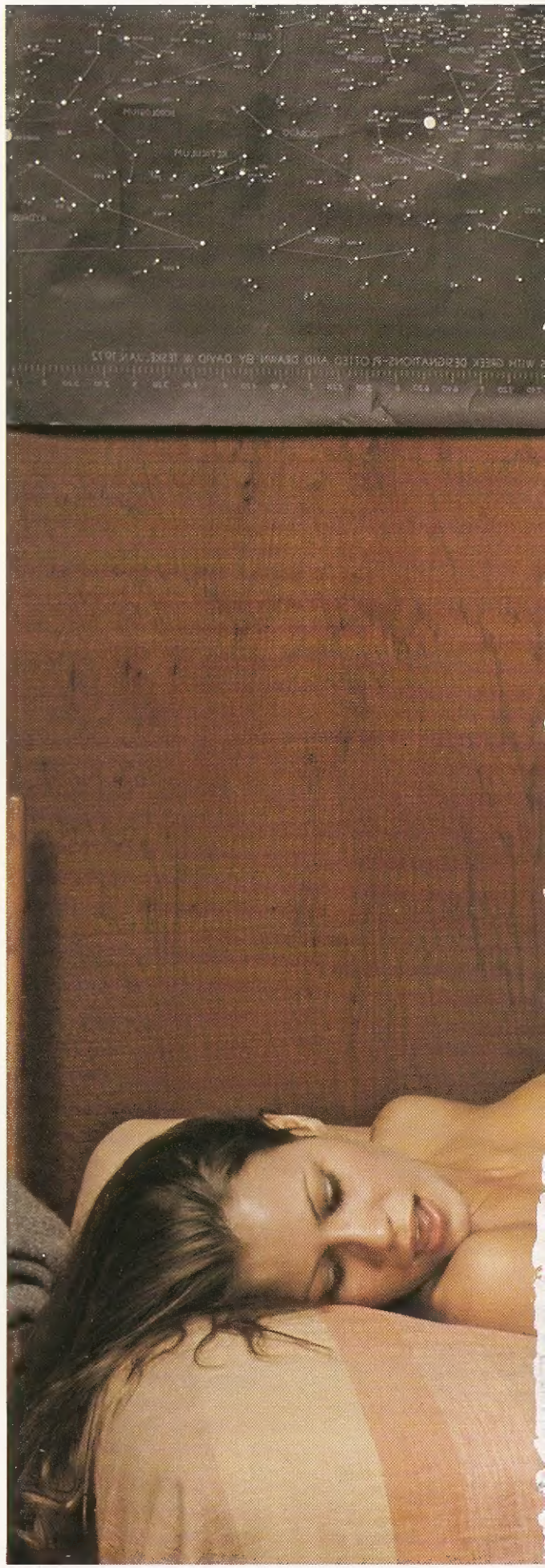
We, the audience of this film, THE INVITATION, with our hands squeezing our own dicks through tight trousers, undoubtedly felt the same thoughts she was hallucinating. The hallucinating soon stopped for Debby as she snapped his glistening, drooling cock from the sucking lips of her cunt, and put it between the sucking lips of her mouth.

She was good! She knew what she was doing! Even Long John who had experienced everything sexual would have

to admit Debby was one of the best cocksuckers he had ever encountered. There were times during her up and down, sucking movements even he had to squint, close his eyes against the sexual electricity that surged through his body; a happening which he seldom permitted because he appreciated great sucking talent and wanted to miss nothing.

With the great stud's prickhead slapping against her palate he came, his jism careening down her throat. She tried to cry out in the ectasy of the moment, but the sounds only came out as bubbling bursts of sexual juices which she used the side of her finger to force back into her mouth.

In reviewing this film, I'd say that Long John Holmes is the type of landlord any Hollywood apartment house should have. ●



THE JOGGER—#39

Big John Holmes is jogging in the country when he comes upon two lovely girls playing on a swing outside their rambling house. The girls, a beautiful Polynesian and a luscious blonde, are eager to bestow their favors on Big John, especially when he shows them his enormous tool. The swing is the setting for the trio's lovemaking, as they hungrily explore each other's hidden pleasure nooks. Climax follows climax, as Big John shows the girls some of the expertise and style he is famous for.

WHIPPED CREAM #40

A lovely young blonde is taking a shower. The movement of the spray nozzle over her luscious body is too much for her and she plays with herself until she is near climax. She gets out of the shower and puts on a sheer negligee, for her boyfriend is coming over. When he arrives she has made some espresso coffee with whipped cream, and they at first jokingly, and then feverishly, spray the cream all over their bodies, undressing each other in excited passion. A long tapered candle plays a big part in their wild lovemaking!

EARLY BREAKFAST—#58

One of the greatest curses of the modern business world is fatigue. This hazard has caused many hours of lost time in businesses around the world . . . more hours than any given for holidays. Thus the holiday seems to be as important as the work day itself. Then when the holiday has ended, the person returns with a new vigor; ready to meet the business world on its own terms.

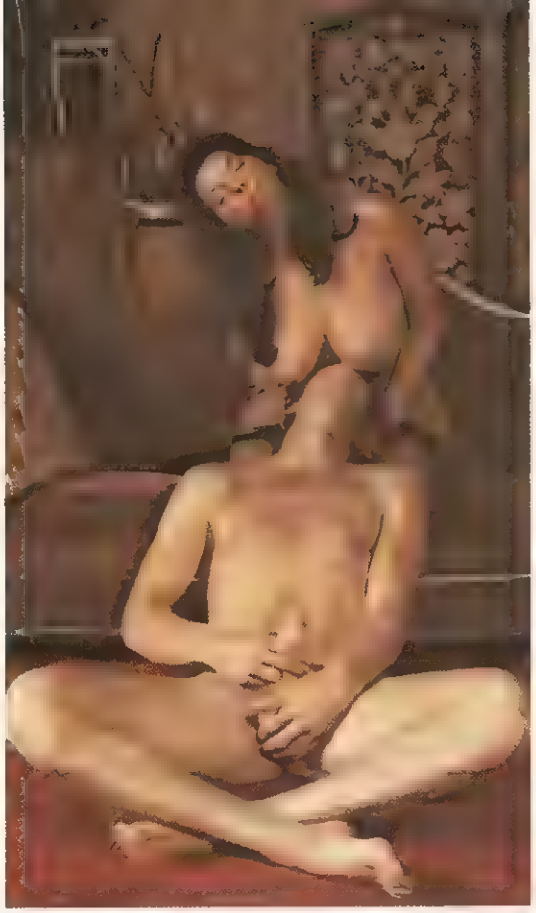
This is the basic theme for EARLY BREAKFAST. We find Ralph, a very tired business man, has already embarked on his holiday to a lonely island retreat . . . far from the noises of typewriters and computers; screaming telephones and uninteresting political arguments . . . a bore, even at the best of times, but when old father fatigue took over . . . he had to get away and he did.

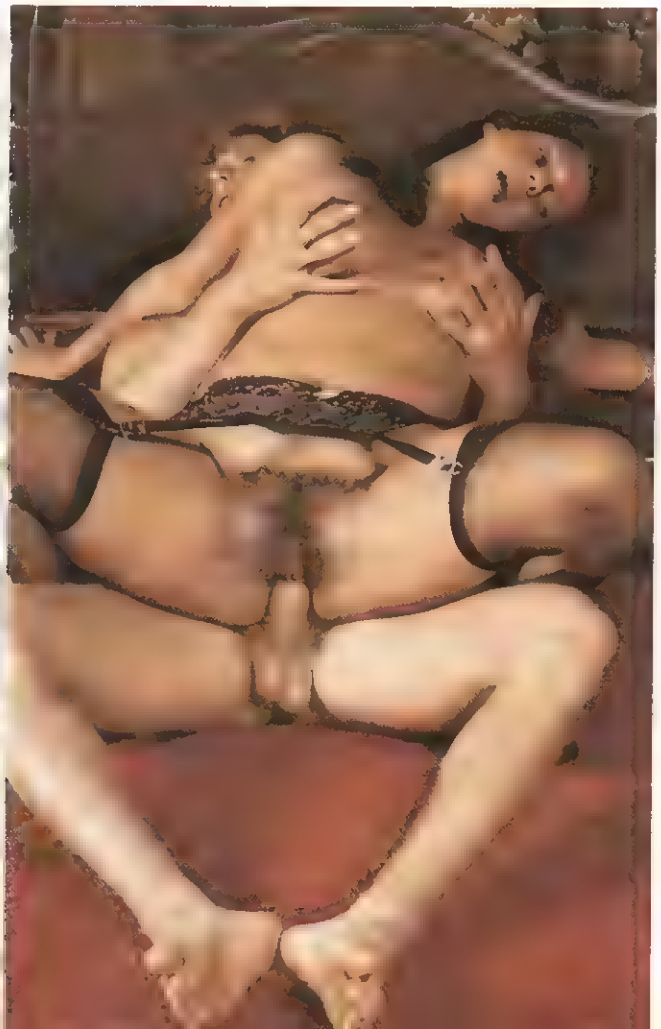
However Ralph was far from being a recluse. He had always felt the fears of loneliness, and he had the wherewithal to make sure that situation couldn't happen to him. There was a second party he took to the island with him . . . as beautiful a piece of feminine pulchritude as had ever stepped into his life. Her name was Charrel, a model from his closest competitor's agency. He'd at first tried to lure her away from the other company, but then decided against it. It was better this way . . . more aloof, less demanding on her part; plus the fact he couldn't fire her if she didn't satisfy him in his sudden insatiable sexual desires, and he was explicit about those demands. He might be able to change mistresses, but he'd al-

ways feel sorry for them and give them some sort of a bonus, but there was no need in letting them lose their other job as well, and that's what he would have had to do with Charrel. The arrangement proved to be just what the doctor ordered.

According to the picture's story, there is a time and a place for everything. Even though Ralph had left the office for the island he is still heavy on the phone and busy with his paper work taken from a very thick briefcase.

Charrel realizes this is bad for his health (we seem to get the feeling that she has gone through this before), therefore she brushes his business aside as she enters the room, naked except for sheer black stockings and garter belt. There are no restrictions as she quickly undresses him, stretches his





legs wide (he is seated in his chair), and begins to massage his meat-member with her more than ample, but extremely firm, breasts. She holds those luscious breasts tightly against his cock, going slowly back and forth, always making circling motions at the same time. Almost immediately his sharp intakes of breath came, and his erection stood large and straight.

The girl could not resist any longer. With what appeared to be a ceremonial procedure, she leaned slowly down. Her one hand took hold of his shaft while her other hand took hold of his buttocks. Her lips parted, slowly, ever so slowly. Then the head of his penis disappeared into her mouth. Her lips closed softly, but tightly over it. There was no movement for a long time. Ralph's intakes of breath became low gasps of enjoyment.

Then she started. Slowly, enticingly, back and forth . . . The part of his shaft, when seen as it slid between her lips, throbbed. And although we cannot see it at this point, her tongue is continually washing the investigating knob. The heavy veined shaft had begun to glisten from the very beginning . . . the saliva started dripping steadily . . .

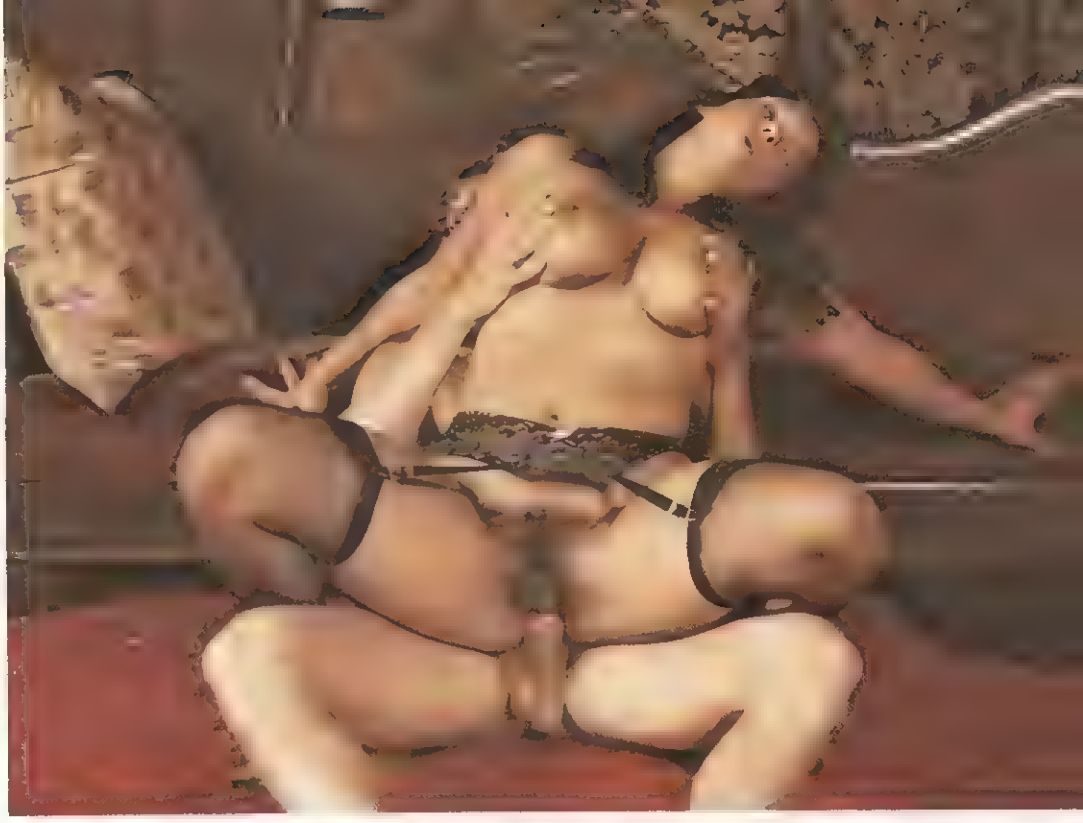
Ralph didn't want the finish to come so soon, as he knew it would. He pulled back and Charrel, reluctantly, permitted the giant rod to leave her pleading lips. He got off the chair and took her to a couch where he made his insertion for the more conventional position of intercourse.

Charrel enjoyed the sensations brought on by his powerful body and the inward and outward thrusts and pulls . . . It was in the best tradition of the sexual act, and she knew that he always liked to do it this way in order to retain the fires which had built up inside of him . . . and her as well. Neither of

them wanted the affair to end too quickly even though they realized there would be more . . . later . . . for the whole weekend . . . but she also knew that when his buttocks froze in that ever tightening attitude he would be popping his his cork at any moment. It was at this time she had to move fast . . .

She had to disengage his cock, spin around and get the head tightly back behind her lips, clinch it tightly between her teeth, just where the head joined the shaft and bite it as hard as she could . . . He'd scream . . . and then . . .

As we leave the film we feel that Ralph takes more holidays than might be necessary, but an early breakfast is better than none at all. ●



She knows that he can't take much of this. Few men can take a real professional blowjob before they blow off.

Slowly she let the shaft come out of her mouth then with a last kiss and circling of her tongue around the head she moved back so that she arches her back, supporting herself with her arms. Bob comes around in front of her and jams it in hard. It doesn't hurt her, but she knows that his prick is into her just as far as it can go. That is a sensation for the Gods.

But he has to hold her in this position with his hands and he has better plans for his hands. He turns her over in the dog fashion position without taking his cock out of her pussy. This is the one that really cools his gord. Here he is fucking her and at the same time he can lay his face on her warm back and cup her breasts with both hands. He knows that he will not cum in this position because he has willed it as such. He wants that only in one way. But the dog fashion is a pleasure to him because he can jam it right in to the hilt, and with one hand Rose can reach back and squeeze his balls . . . she does so until they almost hurt.

The pounding of their bodies together, gut to ass, causes the sweat to pour readily from their bodies, which are strain-

ing for sexual release.

It will not come until both of them want. Rose is more adept at holding back her final climax. She can hold on to the one pleasure feeling of electrical sexiness for an hour. She has done so . . . It has also been proven by film using using automatic timer, and stop framing.

But then it is time for that all too powerful climax which both, now tired, ready for relaxation, want to experience.

Bob sits up on the edge of the bed and Rose gets in front of him. She kneels down. The giant cock is in front of her. She jerks him off for a moment, her hands sliding easily over the wet dick. Then her lips part.

She is a long time in getting it to her lips. But when she does she closes them tightly over the knob and then holds it there momentarily as if setting the scene. Her tongue begins the sexy dance in her mouth. Only the head is embedded there at that time. Then she is ready. She braces herself heavily on her knees. Bob braces himself. He has been ready ever since she got to his knees. His arms go out straight behind him . . .

Then the shaft darts deep into her throat . . . over and over again it slithers in and out between her lips . . . He explodes. He takes it out. Lets the juice roll down over her chin. Some of it goes to his legs. He worries none. She will lick it up as soon as she drains him dry in his cock. She sucks until his balls ache . . . and then she gives the cock release . . .

She melts to the spot between his legs. ●

HOMEWORK -#45

Sitting alone in her room a cute blonde tries to do her homework but is distracted by thoughts of sex with her boyfriend. Before long she is unable to do anything, so she calls him over to help her out (and help himself in!). It isn't long before all thoughts of studies are forgotten in a passionate embrace. He quickly undresses, but she is more of a performer and does a slow strip that will leave the most jaded viewer on the edge of his seat. In their rush to satisfy their burning desires they couple in the most exciting ways, finally ending in a climax that leaves them both limp but happy!

THE VISITOR #47

John Holmes looks forward to a dreary weekend in his lavish apartment overlooking the city. It is truly a breathtaking sight, but John wants to do more than look. But he is new in town and doesn't know any girls. Suddenly the doorbell rings and he is pleasantly surprised to find that his visitor is an old friend who likes to get it on. They waste no time undressing, and soon are deep within the throes of passionate lovemaking. John plunges his tool far into her pleasure pit, sending her and him into fits of ectasy. Suddenly he pulls it out and explodes his shattering climax over both of their exhausted bodies.

COCKCYCLE—#52

Long John Holmes stars in a double header in this delightful frolick of sexual chills and thrills called (and rightfully so) COCKCYCLE. I wonder where they got that title from? Or do I?

Once more we know we are in the apartment house owned by the famous sexual stud, Long John Holmes, king of the exotic movies . . . master of the *staying power* . . . sexual that is . . . and the two girls he is about to encounter will test his powers to their utmost.

It is a hot day in mid summer and the girls, Dena and her roommate, Sheila have gone to the kitchen for something cold. But what they take from the refrigerator is most interesting to say the least. They are popcicles in the shape of the male penis . . . (just about as big as that possessed by Long John himself).

Briefly they giggle and their bodies quiver at their inner thoughts, as they begin to lick at the ice the same as they would at a throbbing cock, and with all the intimacy they could afford such a delight.

Sheila gets an idea; looks to the floor, then indicates the same to Dena. Dena agrees with the thoughts. They leave both the scene and their popcicles behind.

At which point we pick up a very naked Long John Holmes, laying on a couch in the living room of his apartment. He is not actually masturbating, but he is massaging his enormous cock as if to keep the already aroused erection in that expectant condition. It is also noted that he is admiring the object of his action with much

appreciation. (Why not, it has been his sole support for a long time — justifiably so.) But we gather that he is not pleased at this being alone bit by his glances to the pictures of naked girls on the walls about him.

Long John is not to be lonely, or have thoughts in his mind very long because there comes the ringing of his bell. He doesn't bother to rise from his prone position on the couch. Instead, he simply calls that the door is unlocked and that whoever is there, should simply come in.

The girls have no hesitation to the invitation. Their eyes go wide and bright as they see the enormous tool stretching toward the ceiling. With a squeal of delight Dena shoots across the room and squats on top of his cock, using both her hands to part her vagina lips as far as she can. Sheila, of course, is not to be outdone. She moves in to lick at the shaft as it moves in and out of Dena's lovebox . . . she makes little sounds of joy as her body lightly shakes from the sensations which cover her entire nervous system from head to toe.

Long John has had little to say about what is happening to him, but then when did Long John ever turn down a piece of ass from any lovely girl . . . especially when it is two beauties instead of one?

The reels spin and from the expression on Dena's face we feel that she has never realized some of Sheila's innermost feelings.

Nothing ever shocks this reporter. But at the same time it is always a joy to see two girls going at it, especially when you (or I, as this case happens to be), know that Sheila is not a true, in the sense of the word, lesbian. But here we find that Sheila likes a little bit of the honey-box herself. While Dena goes down on Long John for the blow-job she feels is required and necessary for any sexual act, Sheila moves in slowly with her hot tongue and titilates the sex hot clit of Dena's pussy. Dena squirms, but then comes back to accept more of the tongue smashing, slashing experience . . . Long John spurts his wad into Dena's mouth; takes it out and lets it spurt over her lips. She hungrily laps up the juice, all the time keeping her lower quarters moving for the benefit of Sheila who has continually searched for more and more pleasures . . .

There is seldom any rest for Long John Holmes, the *All*

American Stud. However, at this point, there is that brief interval when Long John decides Sheila is "something else", and that perhaps she will appreciate . . . something else.

Long John again places Sheila over Dena's still throbbing joy-works, but this time up on her hands and knees, then he jams that powerful, gigantic meat-whistle deep into her anus. Sheila jumps with surprise, but takes the entire shaft suddenly and with great enthusiasm and at the same time tightens her lips over Dena's clit and her tongue becomes even more wild than before.

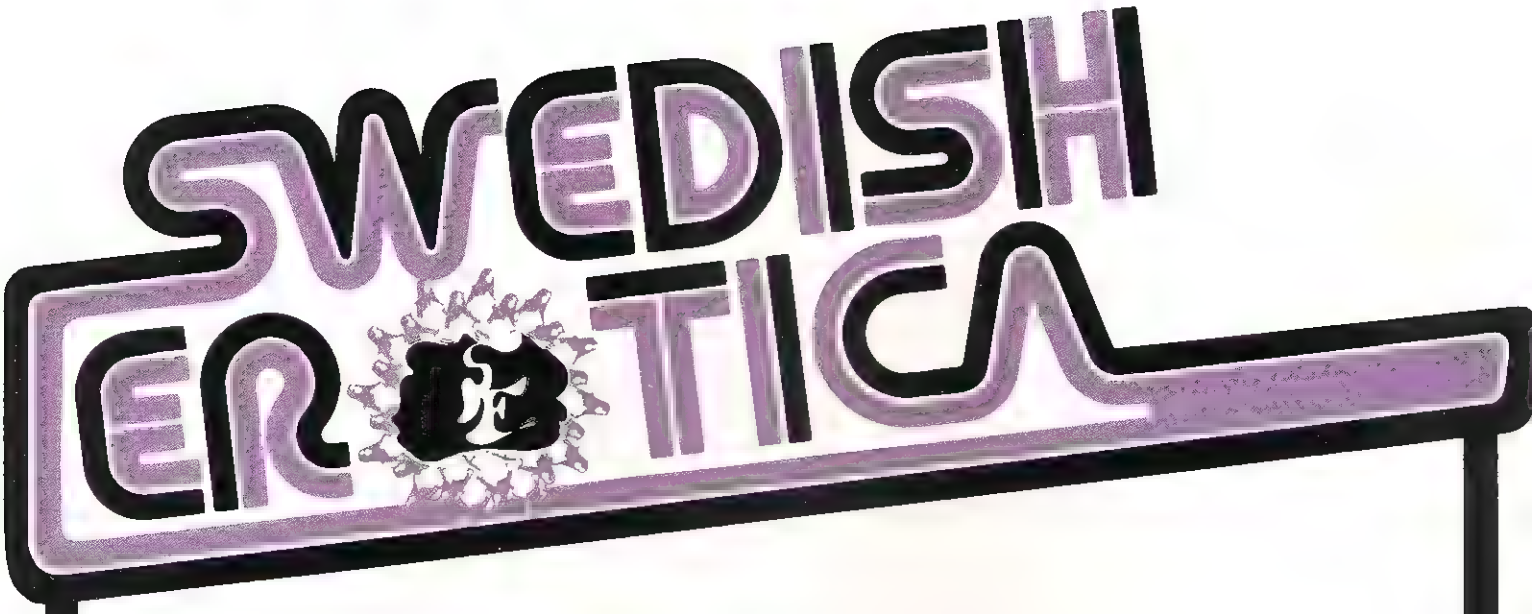
This is a film *must* for any avid collector of the erotica . . . As if any Long John Holmes film isn't a collector's *must!* ●

BLACK KNIGHT — #38

A cute blonde and a good looking Black are spending a quiet evening playing chess by candlelight. The blonde becomes distracted from the strategy of the game when she begins sensually stroking one of the phallic chess pieces. Soon she is licking and sucking it. She looks at her opponent and says, "I have a better game to play!" He has been hungrily watching her all this time, and they retire to the bedroom where the two horny lovers engage in some of the wildest sex acts ever filmed. Definitely a treat for the film connoisseur!

POLYNESIAN PRINCESS — #51

Long John Holmes has a new challenge. a beautiful young girl from the islands. He arrives at her apartment where she has laid out everything for a feast, including herself. After a little wine and a tasty morsel or two, her hands stray below John's belt to see for herself that the legendary manhood of John Holmes is for real. It doesn't take long to see that it is - all of it — and it's what she came to get. She shows him some of the ways the islanders use to get it on, but he is ready for the task and pushes her to the limits, doing what you like best!



Erotic . . . or adult films have become an integral part of the viewing habits of the American public . . . as attested to by the millions of people who have seen Deep Throat and the many other films shown in theaters across the nation. In addition to these . . . hundreds of thousands of people have home projectors so that they may view 8mm adult films in the privacy of their own homes.

In the midst of all the controversy as to the legality of these films . . . many experts in marriage counselling and psychiatry have recommended these films as being therapeutic in improving the relationship of many couples with sexual problems.

It is not the intent of the publishers of this publication to condemn . . . condone . . . judge . . . or recommend these films. However . . . in view of the fact that we firmly believe that the First Amendment guarantees the right of the freedom of expression and consequently the right of the public to view or read any material in the privacy of their homes . . . we have compiled a review of some of the films we feel have been produced professionally for the entertainment and edification of mature adults.

When the consumer purchases any product in large quantities . . . he or she is entitled to be informed regarding that product.

Through television, satellites, space probes and jets . . . the world is getting smaller and smaller. Mores and morals are changing with the times and people are learning from each other. Many countries are now taking sex education and sex itself out of the stigma of taboo. It is time for the people to view it . . . read about it . . . and discuss it . . . and then form their own judgments.

THREE WAY SPLIT—#60

The exotic adventures of Long John Holmes continues in this erotic classic entitled THREE WAY SPLIT, and as the film unfolds we can't help but wonder with amazement at that piece of thirteen inch meat with which he is endowed. Stiff as a board I, for one, know I'd rather not be mugged over the head with it in some deserted area of a dark park.

But the girls . . . ah those luscious lovelies of all ages who have sampled his monstrous tool; drool at the very sight of the purple headed dragon; hoping, wishing for the slightest sample of it's formidable promises. Should any lucky girl have those desires realized, her sex life will never be the same . . . few, if any, can resist the temptation to reach out and grasp his enormous rod in their hands; to suck the love juices from the expanding head; to experience the shaft sunk deep in their lovewell, their moist throbbing cunts, vagina lips lapping, caressing with his every thrust.

Long John Holmes is well known for his longevity in the sexual saddle, and his prowess for immediate seconds, thirds, (*shall I go on*), are ready for any girl who can keep up with the pace.

Dotty and Babs, of this film, are two such girls, lucky girls, I might add, who have been blessed with the attentions of this fantastic man, and his steel-like rod.

Due to the material presented herewith, this film is not for the *faint of heart* . . . better you should watch Mutt and Jeff give it to Little Orphan Annie.

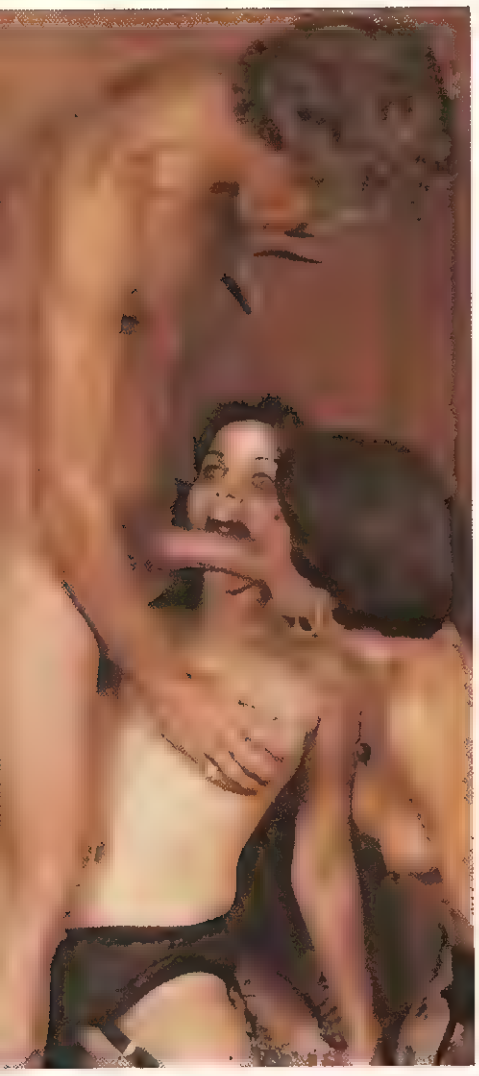
Dotty is the renter of an apartment and a girl who has experienced the love-making of Long John Holmes and his massive organ. It is an experience she cannot help but describe in detail to her girlfriend, Babs, who has come to the apartment for an overnight stay. Bab's legs, thighs can hardly be controlled as she feels that gigantic cock sliding into her. She wishes it were more than her imagination . . . little does she know that the knock on the apartment door is about to bring those dreams into reality.

Long John Holmes, his hardened cock already pressing at the front of his trousers, enters. There is a quick greeting, but Dotty only screams with delight in expectation of what is about to take place and she lets no second go by to fulfill those expectations. Bab's amazed at how quickly Dotty strips the man and has that shaft deep inside her. But this is too much for Babs who has, for a brief moment, been playing with herself. She jumps into the action.

Dotty has taken the shaft from her pussy and stuffed the throbbing head-muscle into her mouth . . . she bends into the motion of going back and forth on it while Babs, seeing that there is much more left over, slams herself on the bed and takes the rest of the beam between her own teeth and lips . . . she matches Dotty stroke for stroke until Long John's juices spit over Dotty's lips; she tries not to waste a drop, but there is so much.

One might think it all stopped there. But I've already indicated the longevity of the man, and he lives up to that promise. He pulls Babs down in front of him and jams the tool into her . . . deep inside to his very balls . . . but the balls are left clear for Dotty to tongue and suck; to probe for those secrets Dotty had told her about . . . she loved it when the tip of her tongue also found the crease of his ass . . . fact of the matter, she quivered all over with her thighs sucking at the sheets.

Babs had to have that cock in her. She'd never seen such a great wang. She had never had such a shaft inside her. It had to be forced. She knew it would have to be forced. Would she need some form of lubricant? To hell with it! She would take it just as it was. But even at that, she didn't expect what she really got. Long John Holmes, true to his reputation, pulled her body around, got her on her knees and he jammed it in from the rear. She squealed, but it was a squeal of delight, and she was sure it was going in from the rear and that



it would come out through her throat. To hell with it! She wanted that fuck and the fantastic man gave her what she wanted . . . her tits throbbed so hard they rocked the bed below her . . . but even that intense sensation was increased as Dotty found Babs' nipples with her own set of hot lips. Long John Holmes took care of one end, the throbbing, moist, sucking cunt, while Dotty gave complete satisfaction to the firm tits; ripe nipples.

The climax for all came again and again. The screams and the groans, and the sizzling of their breaths filled the room . . . The coverlet of the bed was wet with their sweat . . . it would cool their bodies for a time . . . but all three knew it was a long day into night and Long John Holmes would be ready when they were. ●

PIER PASSION #20
Part 1

Long John Holmes is on the prowl again, and with a friend. They quickly locate two beautiful and horny young girls at the beach. John wastes no time getting his girl into a motel where he fills her waiting mouth with his enormous tool. Then he rams it up inside her, and when that isn't enough, he goes in the "back door." That's too much for John and he covers her with liquid passion! And there's more to come!

PIER PASSION—#21
Part 2

This exciting segment takes up where the first part left off, as John can't get enough of this insatiable chick. So, with hardly any rest he starts in again. She quickly and sensuously brings him to a new state of readiness which he plunges deep inside her waiting orifices. The explosive ending of this fantastic film leaves them both limp, but happy, and John ends it all by washing her off with a "Golden Shower!"

THREE FACES OF SEX—#61

The college dormatories for girls have been a notorious breeding grounds for the lesbi an element in the world, or rather the most interesting place for a girl to find out which way she is going in life. Not all of the girls who have had lesbian experiences continue on in this vein, just as well as we might say that also many of them don't give up the practice.

Colleges are for learning, and learning is what these girls do. Girls, as well as boys, learn more about sex in their school days than they generally do in their later years in life.

Jane, Dee and Princess are three girls depicted in just such a roll in the film THREE FACES OF SEX. If anyone is interested in what three girls can do when they are alone and horney, this is the film for their library, to be shown and reshown over and over.

The girls rise late on a Saturday afternoon. It is apparent they are getting ready for some sort of a social function as they lay out their clothes in preparation and chit-chat about what will happen to them during the course of the evening. Which leads them to the question of who is going to use the bathroom first. No one can come to any definite decision, so more as a joke than anything else, they all decide to take the shower at the same time.

All goes well as they soap each other . . . hands over each other's breasts, caressing between their legs, soaping up the soft pubic hairs, the lips of their vaginas which seem to twinkle then snap back at the fingers which are probing

there.

Suddenly there comes a remarkable change over the girls. Each searches the other. Then their eyes fasten on titties, on the muff regions . . . the crack of their fannies . . . the surging of a sexual feeling enfolds their bodies. For a moment it looks like they might forget the whole idea, one being afraid that the other might not be interested. But in reality they have all come to the same silent understanding at the same time.

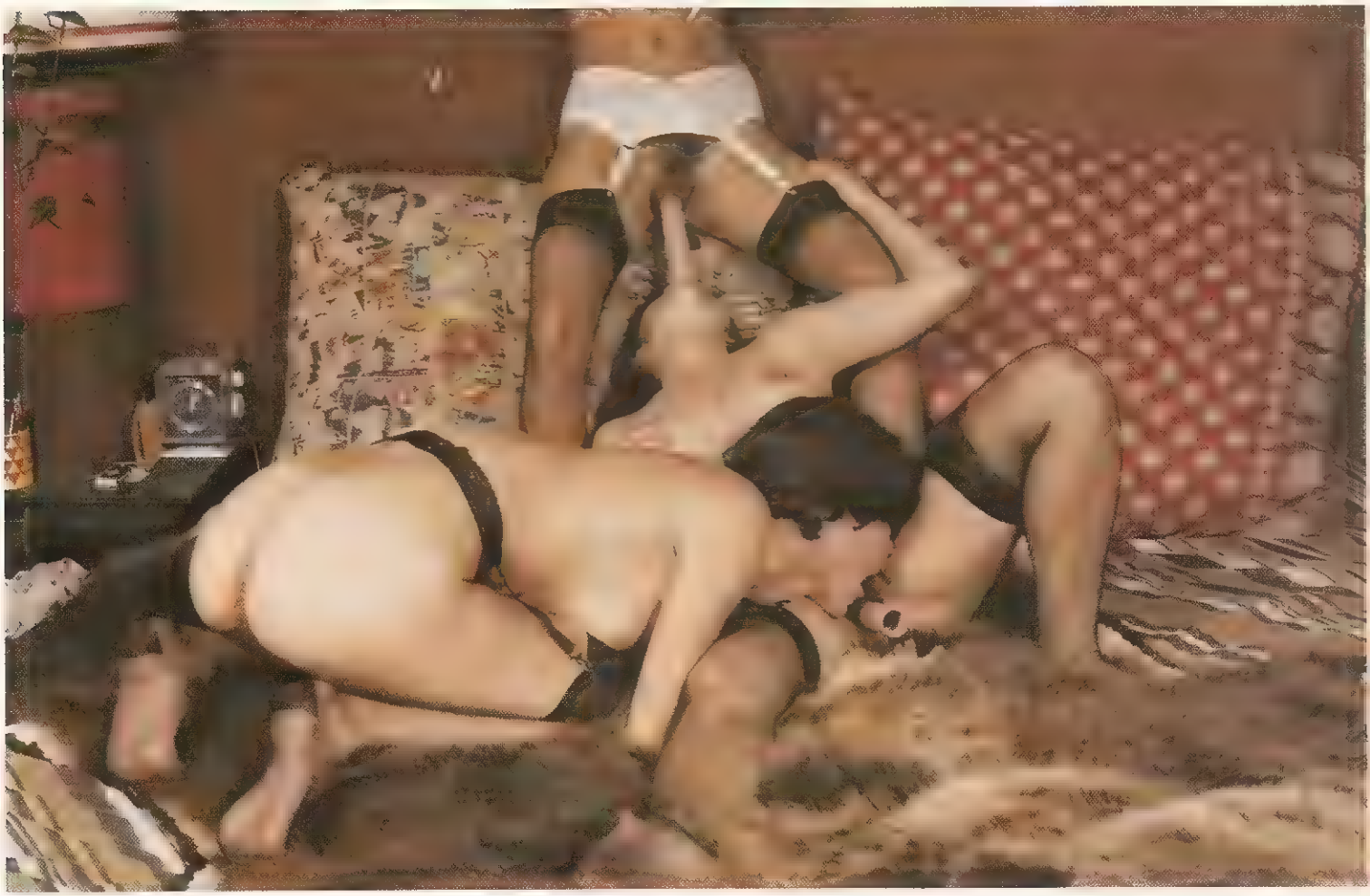
The water is turned on heavier, and they are washed clean of the soap. It is Jane who goes down on her knees in front of Dee as the first of the encounters begin.

But the shower stall is much too constricted for their freedom of movement. They quickly get out of the bath and head for the bedroom. Princess pauses long enough to take two gigantic dildos from a dresser drawer. She goes to the bed where Dee and Jane have already started with a head to crotch position. Princess turns them over on their side and with greased dildos she begins to place one into each of the other girl's pussies . . . They mutter in delight. It is a long spread for Princess' arms but she manages to work each of the dildoes back and forth into the girl.

Both Dee and Jane explode within themselves, then roll over. Princess has straddled herself over Jane's face and then she lowers her body until Princess' face is enclosed be-

tween the soft, tender legs, her tongue searching through the silk hairs which have momentarily hidden Jane's clit. It doesn't remain hidden long. Dee in the meantime pushes the dildo into her own cunt and works it back and forth, then pulls the one from Jane's cunt, which had remained there from before. All the time working her own dildo, her eyes fasten on the glistening object in her hand. She lifts it to her lips and then inserts it into her mouth. She licks it like a banana which she had used on other occasions before she had acquired the dildo.

Whatever they were going to do on that Saturday night out was completely forgotten at that point. They were lost in their own enjoyment with hands on breasts, clits and the sliding of their bodies over each other. Each had a turn at licking the fresh cunt juice from the dildoes, then they were inserted into another and the



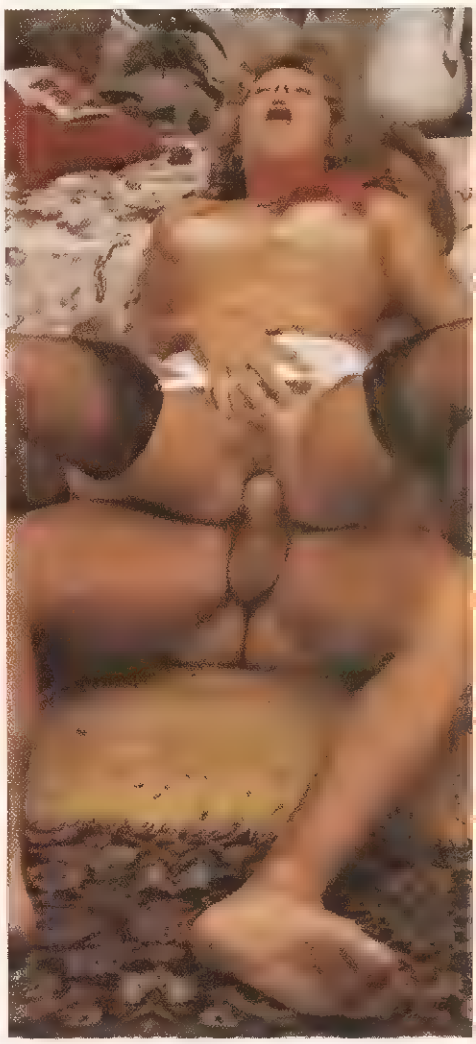
same thing happened all over again until each had a taste of what the other was like.

Finally Jane stood up on the bed while Dee slid the dildo up into her. Princess, at the same time put her dildo into Dee's mouth, while both these girls, still remaining stretched out on the bed finger-fucked themselves.

They would change partners from time to time. They would become exhausted, return to the showers, then go back to the bed again. They would put on their stockings and garter belts thinking they really might make it out to their social function, but the stockings and garter belts were as far as they got in dressing. What they could do undressed was much more pleasing. ●

After the cool drink, she mentions this to Tom and could she use the bathroom to change? Why the bathroom? Sure . . . why the bathroom? She'd been through it all. What was the use? She peeled off the sweater and her youthful boobs stuck out hot and hungry before the eyes of the suddenly sex lusty man. She didn't fight him off when his hands took her titties roughly into his own. Fact of the matter was she rather liked it, as well as she liked the handsome young man.

Someway he got his trousers off, the only garment he was wearing, and she looked down to see his mammoth tool looking up at her with throbbing intensity . . . demanding attention. The sight was like a punch in the gut, but a delightful one. She'd take him if he wanted . . . and he wanted.

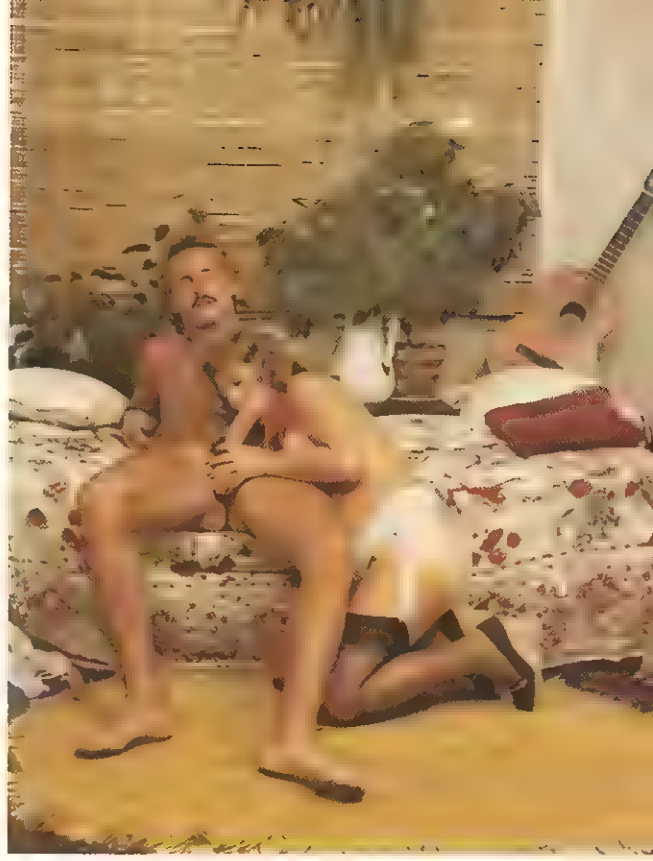


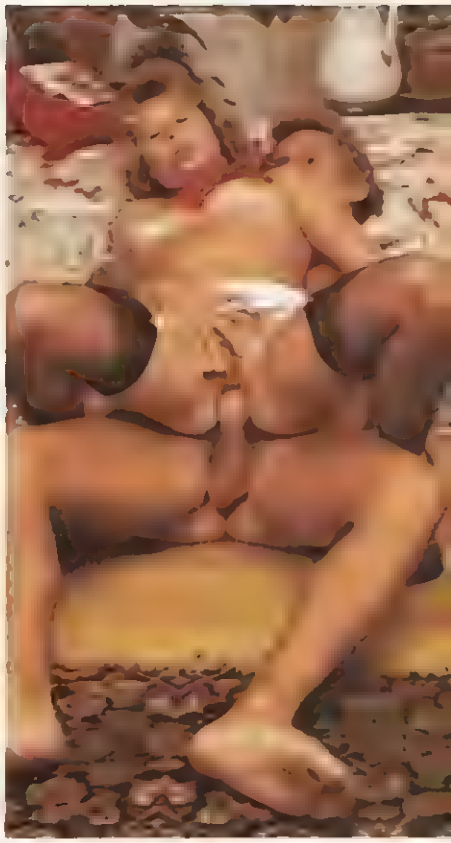
She had heard from some school girlfriends what the word blow-job meant, so she wasn't completely at a loss when Tom pushed her down in front of him. For a moment she kept her lips tightly clenched, but the force of the head of his prick against them made keeping them closed impossible. Strangely enough she liked it. He knew that she was new at blow jobbing, so he took her head in his hands and slowly ushered it back and forth. She got the idea! He didn't have to use his hands for any length of time. But she was so expert and tender, sexually fantastic that he blew his wad before he knew what had happened.

Shirl thought that was the end of it but it wasn't. He wanted to experience the rest of the charms of her youthful body. He wanted to lay her in every position that he or she could dream up. But he had to take the initiative because she was nearly a virgin in such affairs.

He took her shyness as com plete acceptance, and even if she didn't know it at the time she *was* fully accepting the man and the thing between his legs.

She didn't really know if she liked it when he rolled her over on her side and shoved it in from behind. It didn't seem to go in far enough for the pleasures she thought might be there from that direction. Ohhhh, it was much better when he did it to her dog fashion, with her up on her hands and knees. He took her a long time that way. In fact she really didn't want him to stop.





Once more he put her down on her back and entered her from the front. It was much too common. She didn't like common things. She didn't like it that way at all. She pulled the wet rod from her sugar pot and took it into her mouth again. She found she loved the taste of herself. But that was soon gone because of her lapping tongue. She put it back in again, but as she did so, she rolled around so that they faced each other. This was better. It got better and better all the time. Then he permitted her to get back up on her hands and knees again . . . And this would be the last contact for the pair. They had had it in every way they knew. Perhaps there was more the guy and his guitar could teach her, but this was it . . . she was worn out . . . and the highway had become busy . . . and she knew now she could get a ride to the next town, and that the cool sunset would let her body cool off. Tom looked like he could have cried when she finally said goodbye . . . And so did this reviewer. ●

THE WORKMAN #48

Riding her bike home from school one day a voluptuous young girl fails to notice the admiring glance cast at her by an attractive young construc tion worker. He can't resist and follows her home, where she is sunbath ing by the pool. The sight is too much for him and he makes his presence know. She is surprised but likes his looks. One thing leads to another and soon they are rolling by the pool, his tongue reaching the inner depths of her pulsating womanhood. Then he quickly takes her, and soon, con sumed by the impending crescendo of pleasure, she uses her full lips to bring him to the wet ending he so desperately sought!

THE ELEVATOR—#49

A harried businessman bids his family goodbye as he leaves for work. He is joined in the apartment elevator by a neighbor — beautiful, brunette and single. The elvator gets stuck, and while they are waiting for a repairman the heat becomes stifling. She can't stand it and undresses; and watching her, he can't stand it either! It doesn't take long for them to get it on, as they engage in all kinds of delightfull ex plicit sex games. One floor above, the serviceman has fixed the elevator, and he proves it with a surprise end ing that will both shock and amuse you!

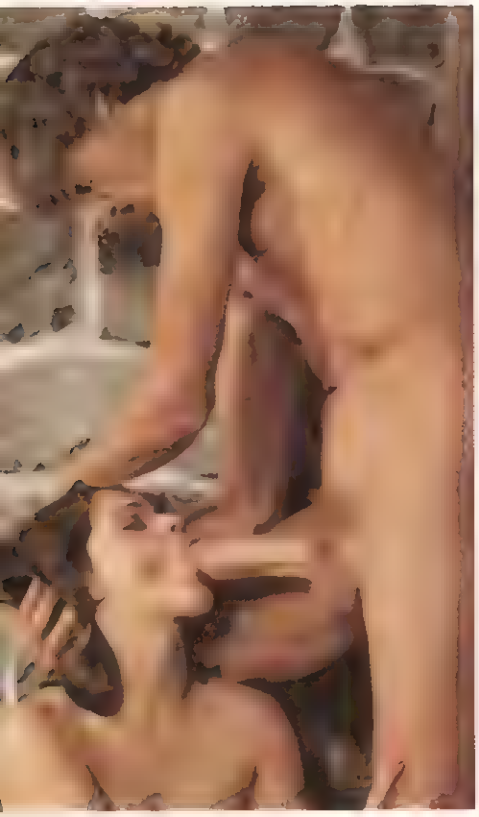
THE MOUNTAIN CABIN—#55

The studio kept the wraps on THE MOUNTAIN CABIN all the time it was shooting, being edited and then for another four months before we could even see the stills. The whole affair was some kind of mystery which sent reviewers to anybody who might have the slightest information. But the security around the Swedish Erotica production Company was as tight as the security around plans for the Atomic Bomb, or the Titan Missile.

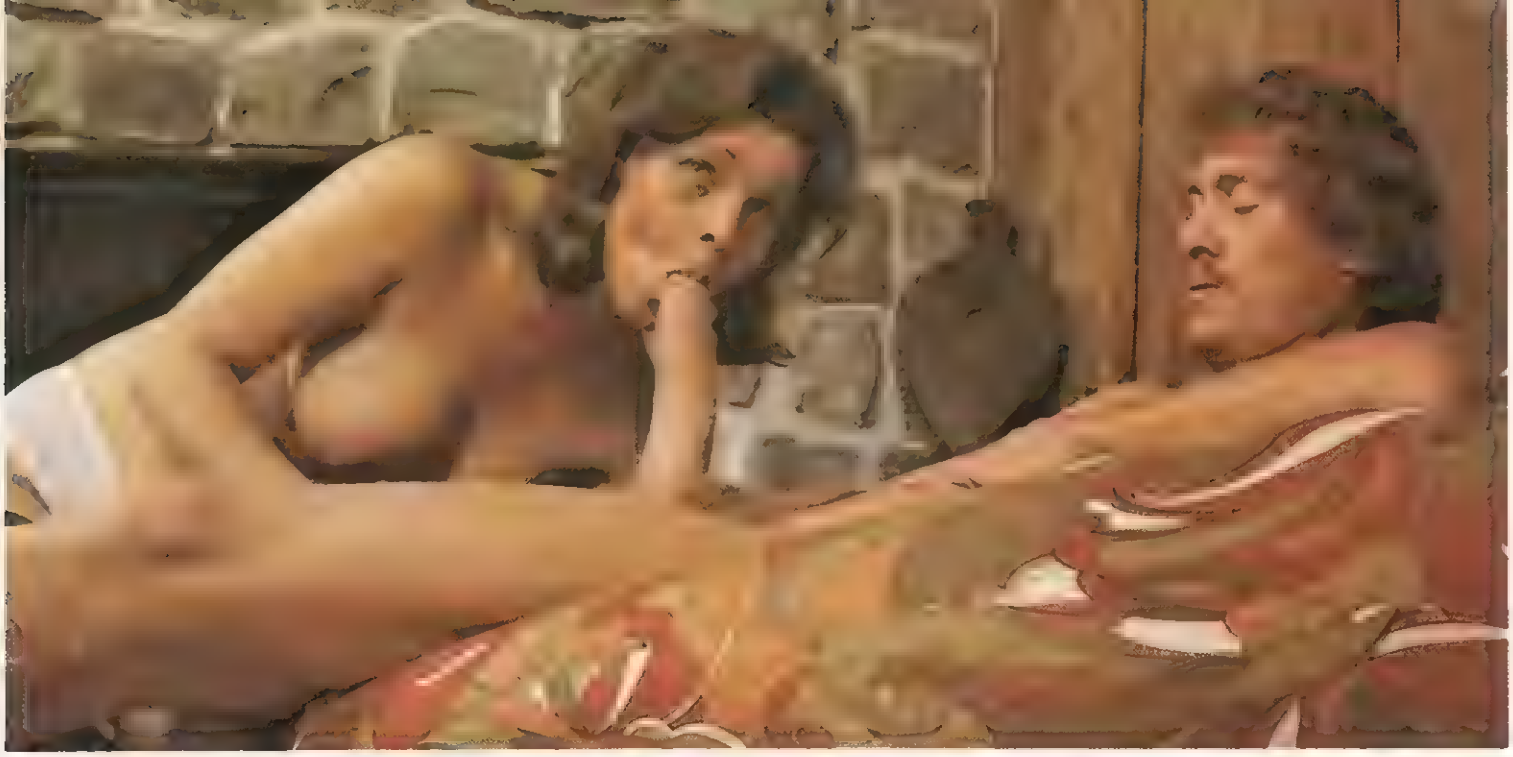
Why? The question strained at all our imaginations to the point three martinis were not enough before dinner. But all good things come to he who waits. SEPC had discovered a young, new sex beauty and no one was going to find out anything about her until they had her tied to an ironbound contract. But we also learned that she had made her first film, THE MOUNTAIN CABIN during that waiting period before the contract signing.

We can now tell all! CANDIS is her name. And what a body . . . luscious titties simply oozing with sexual stimulation. The nipples, perfectly formed and tipped exactly in the right tones of pink, staring straight up at the balls of any man she knelt before. And who was she destined to kneel before? None other than SEPC's super stud star, Long John Holmes. Here was a two-some which couldn't be beat for any amount of money.

With a marvelous mountain cabin living room, and a cozy fire for the basic setting, and Long John standing proud and tall with his enormous penis sticking straight out in front of him before the fire, then add



the vivacious, glamorous, exotic, golden pussied Candis and we have an unforgetable scene in itself. Then the camera begins to roll and Candis takes the iron-stiff, fantastic cock into her mouth and begins to rotate her tongue around the penis head. Her lips grip it tightly and her cheeks become deep hollows as she sucks her breath and his prick into her mouth . . . into her throat . . . there is no slurping sounds, only the crackling of the fire behind them. Her mouth slides easily back and forth, her tongue lapping, the delightful saliva dripping from the space of his shaft where her lips have recently encompassed. She takes the entire rod, a feat never before encountered by Long John's rod. It appears even he doesn't believe it, but as his hand goes to the back of her head and her forward and backward movements increase, he doesn't give a damn whatever has happened before. This is now and it is happening to him and he loves every moment of the affair, the sensations that have captured his frame.



He doesn't want the sensation to come for the moment even though he knows it would only be seconds until he could be ready for any kind of service again . . . but even that second's hesitation would be too long. He pulls the head of his prick from her mouth and just as quickly dives his tongue, almost as long as his dick, into her cut, while her hand softly, lovingly caresses the shaft to keep it alive and throbbing, but not so as to bring his jism on . . . But she does not have the strength of mind over matter as Long John does. She bounces one great jolt, then another and another, and yet another and his tongue laps at the sweet juices which flowed so swiftly, so deliciously through the valley between her silken love-hairs . . . She still makes no sound, but it is quite apparent she wants him to put that tool, slip it slowly, fully into her cunt. There is only that faint, fleeting moment as their eyes meet and Long John leads his arrow into the valley of no return . . . would anyone want to return from the perfumed regions where dreams are made?

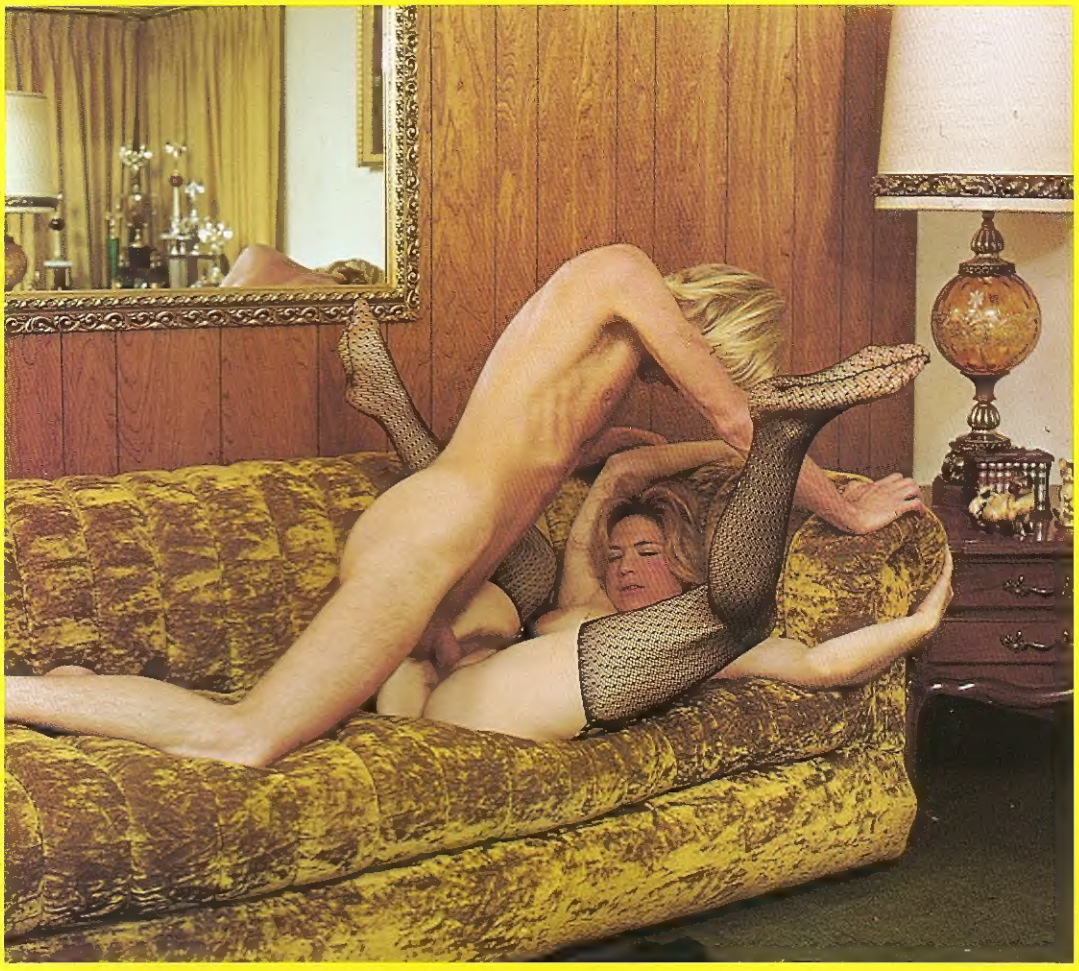
Her entire body accepts his movements with movements in a rhythm of her own making

. . . one, I might add as your reviewer, that will leave few dry drawers in the audience, and I guarantee thoughts to movements of their own. But on the screen the climax is near. Both feel the excitement passing between them. They clutch closer, tighter, ever tighter together. The tide of love passes violently between them and in one quick sudden move, Candis pulls away. She naps her body around to take the throbbing head back into her mouth just as the juices flow. Her hands squeeze at Long John's balls. She presses one, then the other, and continually repeats the motion as the gigantic purple head expands to its fullest, threatening with every second to explode in her mouth. But she doesn't waver in her attack at the entire shaft.

Then it's there! His juice spills into her mouth, throat, over her lips, down across his shaft and drifts down through the mounds of her beautiful breasts. It will continue down over her stomach and soon to be lost in her golden pubic hairs. One of her hands reaches down and a finger pushes what is left of the cum into her lovely pussy . . . WOW, say I! ●

ORGY IN LEATHER—#37

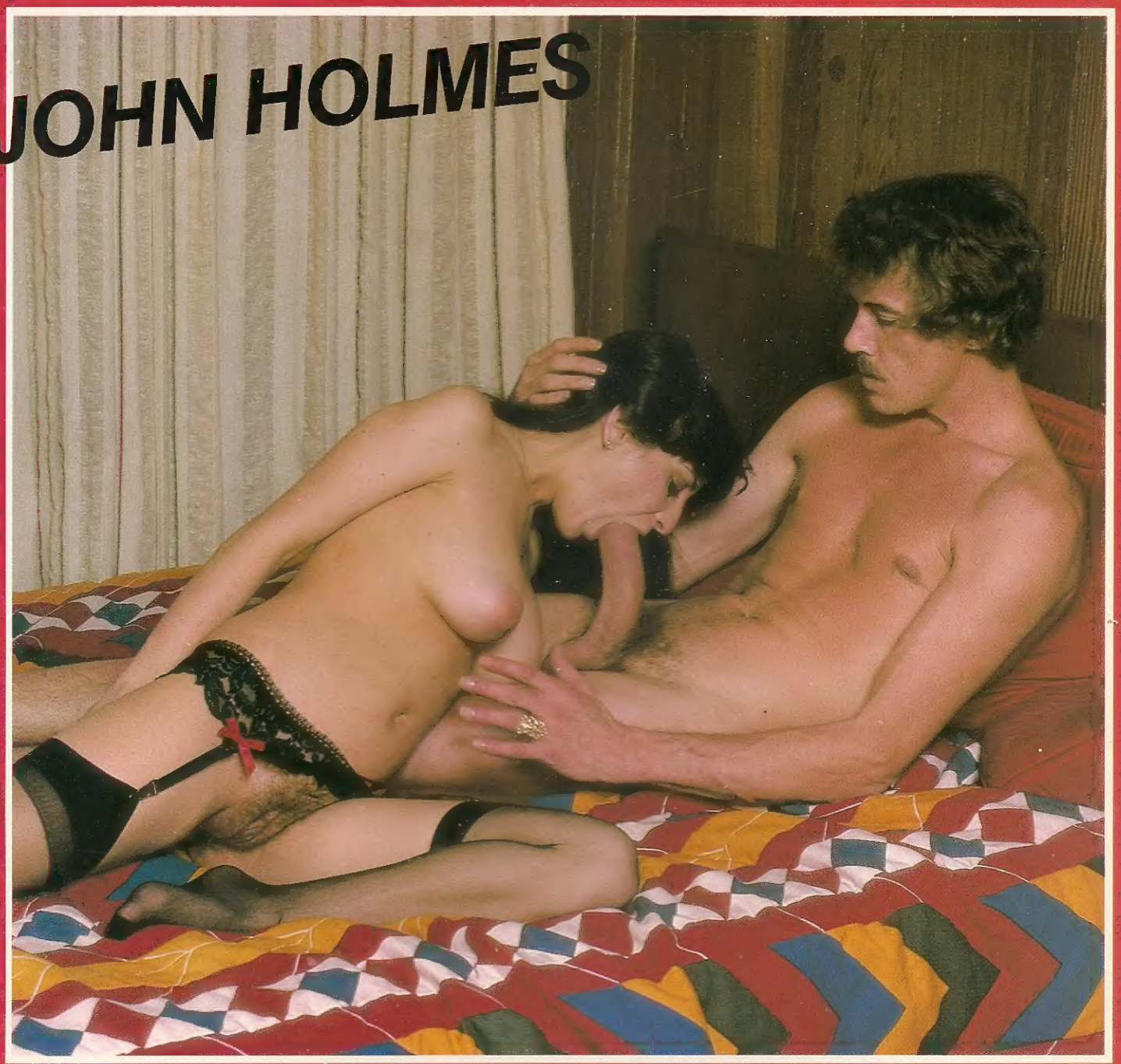
Two sexy girls are spending a quiet afternoon catching up on some reading. One is reading an explicit sex manual while the other leafs through a leather goods catalog. They decide to order some leather accessories. The next week their order comes in the mail and the girls eagerly try on the assorted merchandise. A young man walking outside sees them and they beckon him in to show off their leather. The man is duly impressed and the three horny people inexhaustibly engage in an eye-popping orgy that leaves the viewer limp.



THE DREAMER—#50

A gorgeous blonde is having a hard time keeping her mind on the bath she is taking, because her thoughts keep going back to the night before when she and her boyfriend made wild passionate love in her apartment. As though to recapture the rapturous pleasure of that encounter, her hands stray beneath the soapy water until they touch her sensitive point of womanhood. Soon the delicate touch becomes a desperate grope as she sends herself into orgasmic orbit. We see her oblivious to everything as she gets closer to climax, and we also see the erotic dream she is fantasizing about. Which is the most real? We'll leave that up to the lucky viewer to decide!

In answer to popular demand, the publishers of Swedish Erotica, have collected the best of John Holmes in action! Here are those pictures—All In Color—in a Big 68 page magazine—just for you!



ALL MODELS ARE 18 OR OVER